'Zine

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'Zine

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Galahad is one of the top contributors to Tristan's fanzine, and today he's decided to deliver his story in person.

Notes

For #EatTheRare, a prompt fill for Victorine who prompted - Tristhad + 80s AU where Tristan runs a zine and Galahad is his number one contributor. The drop off point is at Tristan's job at the local BlockBuster

zine copy

“You can just drop it in the slot.” The man behind the counter spoke gruffly without looking up.

“Um, excuse me?” Galahad asked, quirking his brow.

Finally the clerk looked up, his messy nest of hair falling in front of his eyes and obscuring half of his face. His expression was almost a scowl.

“You can just return videos there,” he pointed at the big box next to the counter, a video case sized hole at the top.

“I’m not returning a video.” Galahad felt his levels of salt rising. They glared at each other for a moment, before the man glanced down at the thick envelope in his hand and then back up.

“So, what do you want?” He practically snarled and Galahad quirked an annoyed brow at him.

“I want to see the manager.” Galahad growled.

The man looked him up and down, no doubt taking in the suit he had to wear in his sales job and hadn’t had chance to change out of - clearly not approving. The man picked up an apple that sat on the counter, taking a bite and munching it slowly whilst maintaining eye contact.

“I am the manager.”

Galahad swallowed. He felt his face flush with heat. His hands, clasping his rather explicit stories about the knights on the popular local cable show *The Sarmatians*, started to sweat. He had been posting his stories to this place for years, never having the nerve to come in person despite living close by. Almost since the show started he had been writing fanfiction and the fan-zine had been more than happy to distribute his work. He had always posted them in plenty of time for xeroxing, but this time he wanted to deliver them in person - a choice he was slightly regretting.

“Tristan?” Galahad asked, swallowing again. Tristan who he had been pen pals with since the show’s second season? Tristan who had featured in many an explicit dream as a voiceless, faceless entity dressed as one of the knights from the show? Tristan who, for the last year, had been sending him increasingly erotic letters - though he couldn’t quite recall who had first initiated that or why.

That Tristan?!

“Yeah,” the man answered around his apple.

“Hi, um… I’m Gal.” He cleared his throat. “Galahad.”

Tristan had been mid-bite but instead his fingers lost grip of the apple, his beautifully sculpted cheeks turned red as he scrabbled to keep hold of it. He failed - the fruit making a wet thud as it landed on the counter between them and rolled off.

Tristan swallowed.

“Um, hi,” he replied meekly, blinking wide eyes.

Seeing the man flustered was quite something, and Galahad held up his package of papers in front of him. “I brought my stories, um, in person… when do you finish?”

There was a slight shudder to the breath Tristan let out and he licked his lips before answering, “fifteen minutes.”

Galahad nodded, licking his lips too, a much more confident and seductive motion than that of his the ‘zine organiser.

When Galahad had nodded and said he would wait, walking over to browse the latest releases section, he had not expected the much more fond greeting he received the moment Tristan flipped the closed sign and pulled him out back.

They barely spoke as Tristan - confidence once more abundant - unzipped both their pants and then lined them up to stroke them together in his tight fist. Their mouths were otherwise occupied exploring each other - at least until Tristan muttered against his neck-

“Let me take you home, I’ll show you the costumes I made.”

Galahad would have nodded but he was too busy crying out and spilling himself all over his terrible suit.

Delivering the stories in person had definitely been an amazing idea.

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